

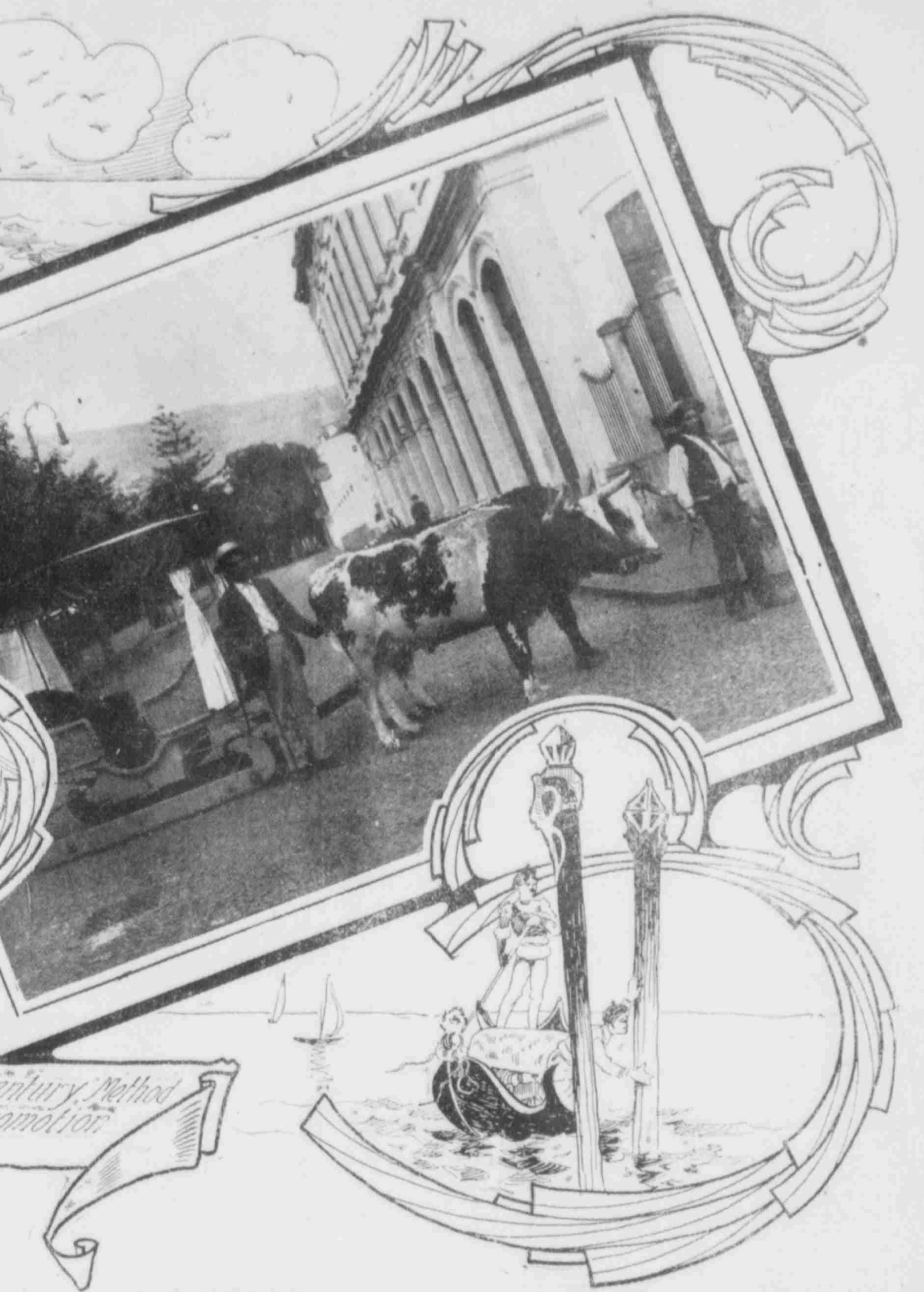
Advertisers Recognize the Value of the "News" as the Paper That Reaches the Homes.

# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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PART TWO SATURDAY MARCH 27 1909 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH FIFTY-EIGHTH YEAR

## Journal of a Salt Lake Pilgrimage



Twentieth Century Method of Locomotion

A Madeira Handsom Cab

**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.**  
**F**UNCHAL, Madeira, Feb. 28.—Six thousand miles from Salt Lake—our Pilgrim Band indulges in something of a gasp as it tries to realize the fact! Gazing around us upon the new and strange scenery, people, costumes, climate and what not which salute our eyes, we rub them in wonderment and marvel whether we are not upon another planet, instead of merely another hemisphere. Does such a place as Salt Lake really exist? Is there an Eagle Gate, a county building, a legislature, a federal bunch, a prohibition contest, or are they merely creatures of the fancy?

Very far away indeed, they seem, on this peaceful, drowsy, sunlit day, as we sit on the deck of the giant ocean liner, the Cedric, and gaze upon the beauties of this Portuguese city, stretching back from the coast up to the hills. She is located 700 miles from the parent mainland, in the path of the steamers plying from America to the Mediterranean ports, but lying as directly back in the seventeenth century, as the most isolated of Portugal towns. Here our steamer is pausing for a few hours' rest, after a steady battle of eight days with high seas, contrary winds that often amounted to gales, and a more or less exhausted lot of passengers. Most welcome is the change. The waters are smooth for the first time since we left New York harbor; people who have never been out of their cabin since the day we started, are gathered on deck, and the little launches are plying back and forth between the Cedric and the shore, for the steamer is too big to be brought close in, and all the communications with the town have to be carried on by boats. All the decks are in possession of dealers in fruits, beads, lace, hand made finery, wickerware and bric-a-brac of a thousand sorts. The passengers who do not go ashore, amuse themselves all day with the antics of a swarm of half naked youngsters who paddle about in small boats, and shout up to the decks, "Throw down 10 cents, see me dive!" The dimes, six pence or shilling pieces go over in showers all day long, and the way the brown skinned youngsters dive after them, and emerge in triumph with them, is something astonishing to behold. Once in a while, some diver, more venturesome than his fellows, clambers up the sides of the vessel and says he will dive from the top deck, 60 feet or more, for "nap a dollah." The money given him, he launches out into the air without a moment's hesitation, head downward, strikes the water at a graceful angle and is up among the yelling brethren again in a trice.

**QUAINT OLD FUNCHAL.**  
A few hours passed in sauntering through the town of Funchal—full of the most curious sort of interest. At the water's brink you are met by the ox sleds which do the carrying business of the place, as they did hundreds of years ago. They hold four people, are drawn by two young steers with one boy to lead them, and another to whip them up. The roads are all paved with cobbles worn to a glassy smoothness, and the sleds glide over them in a way not at all uncomfortable to experience. If you have the time to spare, you can ride to one of the mountain hotels—all are now crowded with European tourists—and come back "per toboggan," another sled which is conveyed by two men who trot alongside to see that it might easily do were it not held in leash.

**SEMI-TROPICAL FOLIAGE.**  
The scenery is of the most delightful sort; tropical and semi-tropical. On the highest peaks, there are snows now visible as there is on the Wasatch range in March or April, but 1,000 or 1,500 feet below, the palms, ferns and

trees of wonderful foliage, almost bewildering the eye. The flowers and fruits just now are offered in profusion. Strawberries, tomatoes and cauliflower come up the sides of the steamer, crate after crate, and the variety and quality of the wines turned out here, in the capital of Madeira, are of course world famed. On shore, the inhabitants roll about and view the sight seeing passenger from the big boat, with as much curiosity as they are viewed in return. Portugal keeps 1,200 soldiers in garrison here: why it is hard to conceive, and they roll about in uniform, boyish, slovenly, good natured looking fellows, first coming to the grocer type, industriously puffing the cigarette with which every male inhabitant seems to have been born. There is also a tremendous proportion of police, in uniforms of a different sort, who also lounge about and chat with the soldiers. A church 400 years old, we are told, opens, and a long procession of Catholic priests file out and winds up the hill. Country people, clad in flaming colors, with baskets on their heads, traverse the sidewalks. Every store and buildings has its loungers, but there is no chattering, no noise, no disorder—a deep, sleepy peace seems to have settled over everything and everybody, and what the soldiers or policemen find

## YOUNG JAPAN

**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.**

**K**YOTO, Japan.—I have been asked to write a letter for the children of America about the children of Japan. I want the boys and girls who take this newspaper to seat themselves upon the magic carpet of fairyland, which will take one around the world in the twinkling of an eye. All you have to do is shut your eyes and wish you were there, and when you open them, lo! your wish has come true. Our magic carpet has carried us across the Pacific and has dropped us down in the heart of Japan. We are in the big city of Kyoto, in the central part of the country. There are mountains in sight everywhere, and behind us is a beautiful lake which fills the river running through the city. The houses are so many that they cover as much space as Philadelphia, which has three times as many people. Their walls are such that they can be slid back during the daytime, and we can see all that goes on within. Most of the streets are lined with stores filled with all kinds of curious goods, and the streets, stores and houses are swarming with children. Here they are, working, helping their parents; there they are playing, and further on is a crowd going to school. What jolly youngsters they are! We hear their laughter sounding out on the air, and as they see us some bend half double, in Japanese fashion, and yell out, "O-hi-o," their word for good day. Others, who are ruder, cry out Japanese syllables which, our interpreter says, mean:

"You furry-headed foreigners; you have eyes like a cat!"

**OUR JAPANESE BROTHERS.**  
We find that we are as great curiosities to the Japanese children as they are to us. Their skins are yellow, and their eyes are a trifle slant, and so fastened at the corners that they do not come as wide open as ours do. They think that their eyes are the more beautiful, and that cream-colored skins are quite as fine as white ones. Outside of this, Japanese boys and girls are just like Americans. Their little black eyes can see as far as ours can; and if you scratch their yellow skins they will bleed in the same way. You had better be careful not to do so, how-

ever. They are as proud as you, and they will fight at the drop of a hat. They are not as tall as we children

of the same age, but they are fully as strong. Get one of the little fellows to double up his arm, and put your

hand on his biceps. Every muscle stands up like a bass ball and every

ounce of his flesh is hard with the athletic which every schoolboy has to take

daily. As to his fighting, you have heard how the Japanese whipped the

Russians, who are almost twice as heavy as they are and three times as

many in number, and how, about 15 years ago, they conquered the Chinese,

who have ten times as many people in the great nation over the wall.

**THE CHILDREN SOLDIERS.**  
Just now the children of Japan are all playing soldiers. The nation is still

exulting over its victory, and the boys

go about with guns and flags, marching

in step while their trampeters blow.

Their guns are sticks of bamboo and

their swords are of wood. They march

right well, however, and they have

sharp fights between the different

companies of boys in a town. Even babies

are now dressed in military costumes

by some of the mothers and many a

1-year-old Japanese baby goes about in

the dress of an officer of the navy.

Some children who wear kimono have

soldier hats, and not a few are dressed

in khaki. The toy shops are full of

lead soldiers and miniature guns and

trumps. The older boys are not soldiers,

for every school has its military drill

under officers of the army. Boys of 12

and 14 have to march with guns, and

as they grow older they go out in the

field to train and take part in sham

battles. In every Japanese school there

is a drill hall where the guns are stacked

up against the walls when not in use.

Every school has a gymnasium in

which the boys and girls go through all

sorts of exercises to make them strong

and enable them to fight and work for

their emperor when a war comes. Just

now the boys think the Japanese people

could whip any other nation, and that

the United States would have a poor

show in a fight with their country. We

are friendly to them, but we must keep

our eyes open, for no one can tell but

that we may have to fight them by and

by. They have far more soldiers in their army than we have and their navy is one of the best in the world.

**A DAY FOR DOLLIES.**  
On the 3rd of March every year occurs

a great girl's holiday, known as the

feast of the dolls. On this day the

boys have to stand in the background.

Their parents pay little attention to

them and they make the girls, for the

"touch" by wireless. (It appears that

the operators on all these vessels main-

tain a constant sort of gossiping hun-

dreds of miles apart.) We ask what

the charge will be to wire a friend on

board the Cedric, which we know is

expected in New York at 7 that evening

and consequently must be some-

where on the waves, 150 or 200 miles

distant. The clerk consults a printed

schedule and says "sixpence a word."

We ask if delivery is guaranteed. "Cer-

tainly," is the reply. We ask for a

form, and are handed a blank, very

similar to a Western Union or Postal

except that the company's name at the

top is the "Marconi International Ma-

rine Communication Co., Ltd.," address

our message to Allan Spencer (a re-

turning missionary), pay for it, and see

the paper whisked up a tube to the op-

erating room where it is clicked off

and committed to the ether.

**MARINE BULLETINS.**  
Day by day these marvels are re-

peated until the vessel gets beyond

Marconi range. The limit seems to

be somewhere around 1,500 miles. At

noon each day, little typewritten slips

are posted up about the vessel la-

belled "The White Star News," and

these contain in concise form the con-

demned news of the world, received by

wireless that morning. They are all

dated "Marconi station at New York

City" for the first four days, then the

date changes to "Marconi Station,

Cliffden Island," and after we leave

the Madeiras, the service ends alto-

gether. We are told that it will be

resumed at Gibraltar.

**DEVELOPING SEA LEGS.**  
To those well enough to be about

the moments are never allowed to lag.

exercise seems the controlling passion,

and we walk, walk, walk, "getting our

sea legs," from one end of the deck to

the other 50 times a day. The boat is

700 feet in length, longer than a Salt

Lake block. So these walks are no

trifling achievements. They are neces-

sary to get up an appetite for the in-

cessant meals of the day. A trumpet

blast announces breakfast at 8, lunch

at 12, dinner at 6, but between these

hours there is breath and rest and

tea at another, passed by the stew-

ards. A string band plays at lunch

and dinner time, and one hour each

afternoon and evening. In the library

there is no end of books, in the

"lounge," another capacious room,

the card tables are always thronged,

most of the ladies put on full regalia

for the evening meal; many gentle-

men do likewise, and it would be dif-

ficult to imagine a more sparkling and

brilliant scene than that presented by

the Cedric's immense dining room

while dinner, the fashionable meal, is

going on. There the motion of the ves-

sel is the very lightest, unless the

weather outside is extreme; the music,

the laughter, the clatter of knives,

forks and dishes, make up a merry

babel of sounds, and banish every

thought of the sea outside.

**DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.**  
Of course to this, as to all other

pictures, there is another side. In the

recesses of the cabins, many melan-

choly stories could be told. There are

some who have never left their beds

since the smooth waters of New York

harbor vanished. The chairs about

the several decks contain forms which

lie rigid in the air all day—never able

to conquer the demon sea sickness.

At some meals, the dining room is so

sparingly occupied that we wonder

what the company does with all the

unstarved food which has left over.

The Pilgrims have had their share of

woe, and despite the novelty of the

tour, there are many "off" days en-

countered. This dialogue is a sample:

First Pilgrim—(Weakly, from the

upper berth) Wife, are you awake?

A faint groan from Second Pilgrim

in the berth below is the only re-

sponse.

First Pilgrim—Did I disturb you

during the night?

Another groan, a trifle hollower.

First Pilgrim—(Solemnly)—My dear,

I have resuscitated tastes and smells I

thought buried with boyhood days.

Pilgrimette—(From side berth, faint-

ly)—Papa, do people ever die from

sea sickness?

First Pilgrim—I'm afraid not, my

dear.

**MEMORIES OF NEW YORK.**  
Looking back over our journal, we

note a record of five beautiful days in

New York, which have been left over.

They will have to remain so for the present, ex-

cept with this remark, that in company

with such congenial sight seers as the

Spencers and Eastons we drank to the

full the delights of the performances

by Maude Adams, Sallie Fisher and

Ada Dwyer, three Salt Lake girls play-

ing within a few blocks of each other

on Broadway. With Sallie, her mother,

and the Spencers, we sat around a din-

ner table, too, at the Waldorf and ex-

changed a thousand hilarious reminis-

cences of the old Salt Lake opera days,

when the "Times of Normandy" with

Spencer as Garsford, Sallie as Cornie,

Louise Savaze as Serpentine, dear old

Goddard as the Marquis, and Pyper as

the tenor, make up an ideal cast, and

gave Sallie her real start in her pro-

fession. Another delightful afternoon

was passed calling on Ada Dwyer and

Eleanor Robson, where we also found

the latter's mother, Madge Carr Cook,

fresh from her London success in "Mrs.

Wiggs," as Ada was fresh from her

Australia. Miss Robson is at present

in the full tide of success in "The

Dawn of a Tomorrow," in which she

does the best of the fine creature

and in "Our Ada" has a clever ex-

pression of a woman of 30, but she and

her company were a delight, though we

all give it as our opinion that the play

will never have the long life enjoyed

by "Peter Pan" and "The Little Min-

strel."

The big, vivid, dramatic memory we

carry away from New York, and the

one that will remain with us longest

is "The Battle," in which Lockers, of

Swengill memory, plays the leading

part. It is a story of present day

problems by Cleveland Moffet, and in

power, interest and moral, it leaps far

ahead of either "The Lion and the

Mouse" or "The Man of the Hour." We

agree with Ada Dwyer and John Rye

in their opinion that it is the play of the

decade, and we all hope Mr. Lockers

will give Sallie and the rest an opportunity

to see it.

H. G. W.



THE "INO HAURICO," OR PUPPY-CAT, IS THE TEDDY-BEAR OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.

Photographed for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.